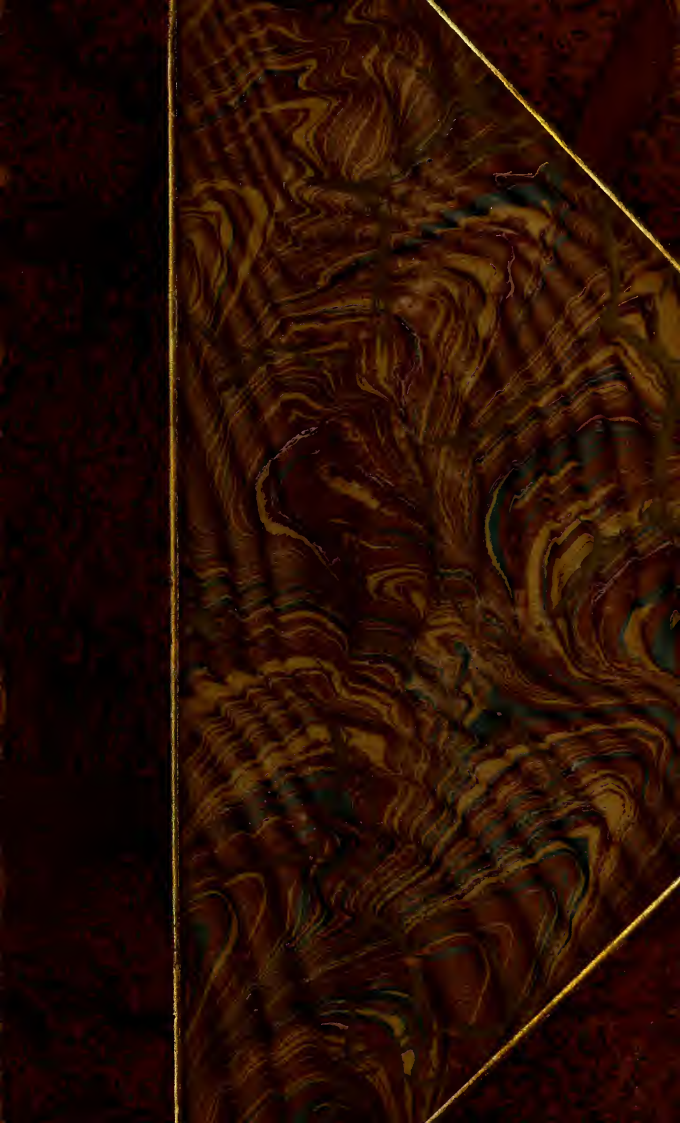




CRAFTY CHAMBER-MAID

IN THREE PARTS.

Part I. How a young Merchant fell in love with his Mother's Chambermaid.

Part II. How they met in a grove, where the young Merchant attempted her chastity.

Part III. How the Chambermaid outwitted the Merchant, by putting an old Bunter in her bed, which so affrighted him, that he ran down stairs, and alarmed the family; concluding with her happy Marriage, and other things of note.

To which is added,

How Wow, or Dogs of all kinds



The Crafty Chamber-Maid.

P A R T I.

LET every young lover that's constant and true,
Give ear to this ditty I tell unto you:
And maids of your virtue I'd have you take care.
For men may be false and your hearts may ensnare.

In London there lived a Merchant of late,
Who was endow'd with worldly riches so great,
The only son of a 'squire we hear,
His fortune it was fifteen hundred a year.

His mother a beautiful maiden did keep,
Of courteous behaviour and carriage so sweet,
This Merchant a slave to her beauty did fall,
But she had no portion her beauty was all.

He said, I will try if I can her enjoy,
I'll make her rich presents her heart to decoy,
If I can delude her to yield to be kind,
Perhaps it may now ease my troubled mind.

This charming young creature also for her part,
Lov'd the young Merchant who wounded her heart,
Though she all her passions of love did conceal,
Thinking it in vain that she should it reveal.

Because he was noble, rich gallent and great
And must have a wife for to match his estate;
His passions for her yet she little did know,
But once on a time it happened so,

This maid she got leave of her mistress we hear
For to go and visit her parents so dear,
She made this excuse to get out as 'his said,
Her intentions was to go to the masquerade
Because this Merchant, she knew would be there,
She hired the dress of a shepherdes fair,

So charming she looked in every degree
That she was admir'd by all that did her see.

To the ma'querade she straight did repair,
So sweetly she danc'd it amaz'd all that were there,
Her person many young lords did admire,
And to see her face had a hearty desire.
This Merchant took her his partner to be,
A glance of her face he chanced to see.
He said, lovely Susan, now since you are here,
A piece of my mind I mean to declare.

He told her that night the truth of his mind,
And desired of her that she should prove kind,
For he was resolved to make her his wife ;
Or that he would soon put an end to his life.

She said, noble Sir, I'm both poor and mean,
And you are a person of honour and fame ;
You ne'er do intend for to make me your wife ;
I'll ne'er be your harlot as long's I have life.

My charming sweet angel he then did reply,
Before I betray you, I sooner will die.

So I am resolved my wife you shall be,
Although my parents should be angry with me,
He made rich presents of costly rich things,
A watch of gold and a rich diamond ring,
Saying, in a chariot of gold you shall ride,
When quickly my jewel I'll make you my bride.

With loving embraces they parted that night,
So rest could he get for that beauty so bright,
He so run in his mind that he must her enjoy,
So resolves to try if he could her decoy.

P A R T II.

ONE night they appointed to meet in a grove,
And there he began to address his fair dove ;

My dearest of creatures one favour I crave:
And if you deny me, I shall go to my grave,

What is your request the young damsel reply'd,
I give my consent love, for to be your bride,
But if you attempt my honour to stain,
The sight of your person I'll always disdain.

He finding so plain that she did him deny,
He drew out his rapier, Now will I die ;
I cannot believe you, she said with a smile ;
To die for a woman is not worth your while.

Beauty is a flower that quickly will fade,
A woman is nothing when her Virtue's betray,
And if to desire me, you do me admire,
There's harlots enough to quench your desire.

He finding she could not be brought to his bow
The flame in his breast still fiercer did grow,
Her beauty and virtue so ran in his mind,
Each day for to love her he was inclin'd.

At length the young damsel a frolicsome part,
Against the young Merchant design'd in her heart,
She said, he loves whoring I'll fit him as well,
I'll chuse him a bed-fellow fit to his will.

There was an old Bunter that had but one eye,
No teeth in her head, and her nose all awray ;
A dirty old devil as e'er you did see,
I'll chuse her the Merchant's bed fellow to be,

She call'd this old woman one day to the door,
Saying, You I'll consult with although you be poor,
I'll largely reward you for what you've to do,
And you shall have a charming bed-fellow too.
She told her the progress she meant for to take :
The Bunter did swear that her Counsel she'd keep
So unto this maiden that night she did come,
And she did convey her safe into the room.

She lent her a smock of the finest of lawn,
And when on her old tawny hide it was drawn,

And so to the chambermaid's bed she did go,
The maid said your spark in the dark will come
in,
When he for to rife your charms doth begin,
One word do not utter but seem to be shy
But at last to his will you must fairly comply,

P A R T III.

SHE having proceeded so far in the thing,
She waited the time when the Merchant came
in,

He rung at the bell, and she opened the door,
He said I am blest'd with thy light love once more.

How can you deny me the blest that I crave,
Love me, or send me at once to my grave,
The damsel said, if I could you believe,
That you'd marry me after, consent I would give.

No sooner the Merchant these words did hear,
But solemnly he did begin for to swear,
He surely would marry her as he had life,
And no other woman should e'er be his wife.

She said I'm ashamed, my love, for this thing,
I'll go to my room, in the dark, Sir, come in
And then to my bed, Sir, excuse me, I pray,
For never a word, Sir, I mean for to say

He said, my dear jewel when I'm in your arms,
No matter for words, if I enjoy but your charms,
Here's a hundred bright guineas I give to my dear,
So go to thy bed for I long to be there.

The damsel went instantly into the room,
And said, now make, ready for soon he will come,
And I in the closet myself will conceal;
For to hear the secrets my love will reveal.

The Merchant he soty crept into the room,
And on the bedside he then sat himself down.

Her knees through the counterpane he did embrace,
 Old bells in the pillow she hid her sweet face,

He stript of his cloaths and jump'd into bed.
 Saying now lovely creature for thy maidenhead,
 She struggled and strove, and seem'd to be shy,
 He said, divine creature, I pray now comply,

He being impatient, would make no delay,
 But as he was just in the middle of his play,
 He said, I do fancy you are not my dear,
 By my soul your skin is as rough as a bear,

Your carcass doth smell like the hide of a boar
 You can't be the charmer whom I do adore,
 Your nose to my feeling does stand all away,
 No longer in bed I am able to lye.

He jump'd out of bed and his breeches put on,
 He soon got a light to the room he did come,
 Oh! heavens, he cry'd what a mortal is here,
 Her sight is enough the great Devil to fear,

Thou monster of nature how didst thou come here
 She with her one eye like a devil did stare.

At length she took courage and jump'd out of bed.
 And the tail of her smock hang over her head.

And further, the Merchant indeed to surprise,
 She op'ned her mouth and sent forth such cries
 He ran down the stair being frightned full sore
 His bed fellow followed him down to the door.

He op'ned the door and bid her begone,
 The family hearing a noise in the room,
 They asked the matter, the Merchant he said,
 I've been basely served by your chambermaid.

His mother the chambermaid then she did call,
 And there she confessed the truth of it all,
 She answer'd her lady, although I'm poor,
 I think I'm too good to be your son's whore,

For him night and day I could never get rest
 I hope now the passion is laid in his breast,

For since he lov'd whoring, I mist him well,
Dear madam, I hope you won't take it ill.

The lady did laugh till her sides she did hold,
For to hear the story the chambermaid told,
She said, fir the maid I can't blame for my life,
And so if you fancy her, make her your wife.

Her Virtue and Beauty, her portion must Pay,
The son was rejoic'd hearing what she did say,
He freely accepted the maid for his Bride,
And now in a chariot of gold she doth ride.

Young Virgins by this you plainly may see,
That Virtue's a jewel recommended to be,
But strive like this maiden your honour to keep,
It is better than riches or jewels so great.

Dogs of all Kinds or BOW, WOW, WOW

COME listen Neighbours to an old dog's story,
Concerning the races pretension to glory,
There's dogs to be found fir, in every rank and sta-
tion,
Each puppies are care's'd by the best in the nation,
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The lover is a sorry dog without his pretty dear,
fir,
The bully is a swagering dog I neither love or fear,
fir,
The miser is a stingy dog he saves a inch of candle,
The coxcomb's a lap dog for pretty miss to handle.

The cuckold is a Common dog as many wives will
tell you, (belly.
The glutton is a greedy dog and loves you for his

The soldier is a noble dog in every rank and station,
 The sailor is a hearty dog as any in the nation.
 The swindler is a sorry dog that always lives by
 cheating

The miser is a starving dog, and dies for want of
 eating

The taylor is a sitting dog, his game is at goose fir,
 The rogue is a horrid dog as dangles in a house fir.

The buncher is a jolly dog and handles knife and
 steel fir,

The bruiser is a fighting dog, and makes his man to
 yield fir,

The lawyer is a useful dog to plaintiff and defendant
 And he that starves, the cause will lose he may de-
 pend on't,

The gambler is a cheating dog and tricks you by
 the cards fir,

The bailiff is a fly dog and he will bite you hard fir

The rake is a jolly dog which most of woman fancy
 And I am as faithful a dog as any you can see fir.

There is a dog not mentioned who rambles with-
 out fear fir,

Least, he should give offence to any person here, fir,
 He is noted for a stunch dog, but yet is very tame fir,
 And if you want to know him B——y P——it is
 his name fir,

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

